

MY GIRLFRIEND'S FATHER

Smell. then lick up and down.
Cover with saliva.
Take the open end between your teeth.
Suck lightly. This is not a hard pull
like cigarettes or jerking off.

My girlfriend's father
smokes cigars
like he knew how to give head.
Just like his daughter.
Maybe that's where she learned.

— Michael Kimball

Oak Park IL

NAILS

Ever since I'm not allowed in bathrooms anymore
I like to watch bedroom people trim their nails
It seems the one thing people do with absolute sincerity
I heard in India they save their parings in little boxes
Maybe enameled with a shimmying Shakti or Krishna
jerking off
And give them to their sweethearts
Hi. Doll, thought you might want to slip these under
your pillow
Or give the box a little shake now and again
When you think of me sleeping in the street
Well what the hell do you expect on 3 rupees a month
A goddamn Whitman's Sampler? It's true.
Robert Ripley said so
I wish I could watch me doing my own toes
I think I'd understand evolution better The monkey
part anyway
Some people actually chew themselves right down to the
bloody quick
But their mothers always stop them Stand up straight
Wipe those crumbs off your lips Remember you're a
human being
So you marry you wake up catch your honeymoon bride
nibbling a piggy
And you wonder if maybe she doesn't love me in just the
way I thought
When you die according to some books your nails keep
on growing
Right through the casket Right through the tamped earth
It's no coincidence we speak of lawns well-manicured

But that's morbid It's probably not true But it's why
Nails are such a serious matter like everything else
In our daily human animal lives

CHILDREN'S BOOK

All day long it's like I should be writing
a Children's Book. I am a Poet.
But, really, how you going to beat Dr. Suess?
What better preparation was there
for the hair and politics and diseases
of my generation?
And I have no transcendental
love of growth: To call a fetus an unborn child
is like calling an old man an undead corpse.
Things are as they are.
The kids outside in the parking lot
have busted three windows on my car.
Well, at least I think I've got
a title
that will help them:
The Little Golden Book of Predators.

— Robert J. Perchan

Pusan South Korea

GENEALOGY

Aunt Zillah, supposedly, was
related to Marion Davies. Hearst's
doxie, but Aunt Zillah wasn't
talking because she was dead, and, anyway,
married (or had been) to Uncle Chots
who wasn't talking either. It was
probably through Marion's second husband
(or was it the first?), Horace, a drunken
no-good, the only real husband
she had. Uncle Chots and Aunt
Zillah, always, had this one star
in their blue heaven, with bleached hair,
dimples, and long, fluttering false
eyelashes, who couldn't act worth two cents.
dance worth a damn, but, anyways,
changed the course of somebody's history.